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That rallying force, combined anew,
 Appear'd, in her distracted view,
 To hem the Islesmen round;
 And, "O! the combat they renew,
 And is no rescue found!
 And ye that look thus tamely on,
 And see your native land o'erthrown,
 Say, are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude, that watch'd afar,
 Rejected from the ranks of war,
 And not unmov'd beheld the fight,
 Where strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;
 But when mute Amadine they heard
 Give to their zeal the signal word,
 A phrenzy fired the throng:
 "Portents and miracles impeach
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—
 And he, that gives the mute his speech,
 Can bid the weak be strong.

"To us, as to our lords, are giv'n,
 A native earth, a promised heav'n;
 To us, as to our lords, belongs
 The righting of our nation's wrongs;
 The choice 'twixt death or freedom warms
 Our breasts as theirs. To arms! to arms!"
 To arms they flew—axe, club, or spear—
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,
 And like a banner'd host afar,
 Bear down on England's wearied war."

TO NO ONE BUT MYSELF.

*Written by a Deaf and Dumb Lad in America. Copied
 from the last Report of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.*

Come, the day is fair,
 The bees are humming in the air—
 The sun is laving in the lake—
 The fishes sporting near the brake—
 So come and drink the balmy breeze,
 By soft gales wafted from the trees.

The lake is like an angel's path,
 And spotted like a flowery heath,
 With islands lovely as itself;
 No rock, or mountain-crag, or delf,
 But smiles upon the glassy wave,
 Or lies contented in its grave.

So come—O! come and let us go,
 The day is still—the wind is low;
 There's nothing to disturb the brake—
 The drowsy woods—or sleeping lake;
 The spell of nature's loveliness
 Hath power to wrap the soul in bliss.

The boat is waiting on the shore,
 And ready hangs the lightsome oar;
 'Twill glitter as we move alone,
 And that alone shall be our song,
 Save when some wild bird's mood subdued,
 Gives echo to the solitude.

LINES.

*Written by a Deaf and Dumb Boy on the 18th of June, 1835.
 Communicated to us by a Friend.*

Revolving time has brought the day,
 That beams with glory's ray
 In history's page, or poet's lay—
 The day of Waterloo.

Each British heart with ardour burns
 When this resplendent day returns;
 But humbled France in secret mourns
 The day of Waterloo.

Then raise the brimful goblet high,
 While rapture beams in every eye,
 And shouts of triumph raise the sky—
 The toast is Waterloo.

To all who can the honour claim—
 From Wellington's immortal name,
 To the humblest son of martial fame
 Who fought at Waterloo.

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again,
 But altered be the joyous strain—
 The cup to those in silence drain
 Who fell at Waterloo.

Sigh soft, ye breezes, o'er the grave
 Where rest the relics of the brave;
 And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave
 Who sleep at Waterloo.

Cork.

DEGENERACY OF SEEDLING APPLE-TREES.

The Rev. J. Venables, of Buckland Cerne, Dorset, reasons that the degeneracy of trees raised from pips is owing to this cause, that the pip being put into the ground alone, is deprived of that nutriment which is laid up in the pulp of the apple, and consequently of that which determines its nature while young. The wise man has adverted to the efficacy of early training, in an aphorism or proverb, which is not confined to individuals of the human kind. The classic author of the *Georgics*, too, insists upon the advantage of imposing certain habits while the trees are in their earliest stages of growth. It seems very feasible, that the impoverished condition of trees raised in this manner, in reference to their peculiar qualities, may be owing to the meagre supply of appropriate nourishment in the very morning of their development. And this reasoning appears to have been justified by the experiments of Mr. Venables, who found that when the pips planted had been matured by decayed apples, the trees which grew from them yielded fruit of a very excellent quality. He recommends that the pips obtained for the purpose of sowing should be enclosed in an apple of the nearest kind, with its core scooped out to receive it. After all, this is the procedure instituted by nature herself, which does not sow a single pip by itself, but a whole apple, from which a clump of young trees emerge in due time, and flourish together till the most healthy, like an eastern monarch, destroys its brethren, and occupies their place. In the natural process two advantages are secured, the fittest nutriment for the young plants, and the survivorship of the most thriving among them.

THE VILLAGE OF FINGLAS.

About three miles from town, on the Ashbourne road is the far famed village of Finglas. There are few who have not heard of it, being equally celebrated for its "May sports"—its ass races, its pigs, with their tails shaved, and a host of other amusements—as for having been, from time to time, the theatre of some important scenes in Irish history. Indeed, there are few villages in Ireland can lay claim to much greater antiquity than the village of Finglas. It is supposed by many to have been a place of some notoriety even before Christianity was introduced into this country, from the May sports to which I have alluded, as these are known to be the remains of feasts instituted to celebrate the Spring, or, perhaps, in honour of Ceres, the goddess of grain and husbandry. One thing is certain, that those feasts are evidently of Pagan origin. The Romans and many other nations had games and feasts in honor of spring. In England they were very common till the time of Henry the Eighth, when some commotion arising at one of them, of which he was a spectator, he expressed his personal dislike to them, and also reprimanded the mayor of the town ~~secretly~~. After this they gradually disappeared in England; but May day is still a kind of holiday in most villages throughout England and Ireland.

I think I am not in error by asserting that Finglas existed long before Christianity in this country, for in the first years of the Christian era, we find the author of it (Saint Patrick) residing in this town. He also founded an abbey here; and it should be a place of some note, and consequently of some age, to induce him to go to so much expense at that early period.

I have seen the cross mentioned in the 63d number of your Journal; and without taking from its antiquity, I beg to say, that the writer of the article is in error, for, when thrown into a favourable light by the noon-day sun, the figures which he states to be dragons, serpents, &c. being traced attentively, form a cross almost similar to the one at Cluan Macnoise.

In the year 1014, Brian Borhoime marched by Finglas going to the memorable battle of Clontarf, where he lost his life.

During the time the Danes were masters of Dublin, both before and after the battle of Clontarf, they frequently plundered Finglas, and it is reasonable to suppose that Finglas had its share from them.

In 1171, Dublin, being in the possession of Strongbow and the English adventurers, was closely besieged by the monarch, Roderick O'Connor, and reduced to great straits. Strongbow was about to surrender, but the Irish insisted on such extravagant terms as broke off the treaty. It was then advised to make a sudden and desperate sally on the besiegers; and, accordingly, Miles de Cogan and five hundred chosen men broke in on the Irish lines at Finglas, and entirely routed them. I rather think this battle was fought about half a mile one side of the town, at a place called Finglas Wood, on the banks of the Tolka river. There is an old quarry there, which is almost filled up with clay, &c. and some time ago, the soft part of it was broken with a plough, when a great number of human bones were found, though greatly decayed, and several pieces of rusty armour, so eaten away that it could not be said to what part of the body they belonged, also broken swords, &c. Tradition says there was a great battle fought there, but ascribes it to the Danes and natives. Another circumstance that makes me think this is the spot is, there being a very steep hill rising over the quarry and all along the river on that side, which would be extremely favourable to such an encounter as the above must have been. It is probable, that it was down this hill that Miles de Cogan rushed with such irresistible force on

the Irish host, and nearly took King Roderick prisoner, who was at the time enjoying the then luxury of a bath.

In 1271, Fulke de Saunfort, Archbishop of Dublin, dying in his manor of Finglas, his body was conveyed to the Chapel of the Virgin, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and there deposited.

In 1535, we find this town giving the title of Baron to some family; for in the rebellion of Silken Thomas, "the Archbishop (Allen) and Baron Finglas were obliged to shut themselves up in the Castle, and stand to their defence." I cannot say to what family the title belonged.

In 1649, Cromwell's army marched through Finglas going to the siege of Drogheda, and threw down the ancient cross. See the 63d number of your Journal.

The enclosed is a sketch of Finglas, taken from a field opposite to Dr. Duncan's Lunatic Asylum, which is the house seen to the left on the drawing.

The air of Finglas was formerly accounted the best about Dublin, and hither all the victims of disease were ordered, before the mountain air of Dundrum was brought into notice. However, it is still considered salubrious, as there are no less than three lunatic asylums within a quarter of a mile of each other. To one of them we have already alluded, the other two belong to Doctors Harty and Gregory. They are all tasty buildings—particularly St. Helena, the seat of Dr. Harty.

Tradition says, that King James slept a night, during his retreat, or rather flight, from the Boyne, in the house now occupied by Mr. Savage, Finglas Wood—it is just beside the quarry before mentioned.

In 1690, King William III. had his army encamped at Finglas after the battle of the Boyne; and from Finglas he went to the Church of St. Patrick, to return thanks to the Almighty for his victory over the unfortunate James.

T. A. G—M—N.

•• We have to apologize for the delay of the foregoing. We shall feel obliged to our correspondent for the MS. alluded to in his note.



THE VILLAGE OF FINGLAS.